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CELEBRATION

OF THE

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH

OF

ROBERT BURNS,

BY

THE BURNS CLUB,

OF

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,

AT THE NATIONAL HOTEL, JANUARY 25, 1859.

WASHINGTON:
JOSEPH SHILLINGTON, PUBLISHER.

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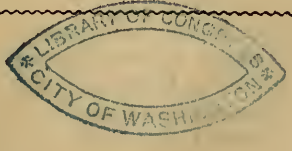

WASHINGTON:
JOSEPH SHILLINGTON, PUBLISHER.

W. H. MOORE, PRINTER.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

OF

The Washington City Burns' Club,

PRESENT AT THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

Senator James A. Pearce, of Maryland, *Honorary Chairman.*

Mr. Speaker James L. Orr, of South Carolina, *Honorary Vice-Chairman.*

James M. Carlisle, Esq., of the District of Columbia, *Orator of the Evening.*

Ben. Perley Poore, of Massachusetts, *Honorary Corresponding Secretary.*

—

Peter Hannay, *President.*

William B. Todd, *Treasurer.*

Daniel Dewar, *Secretary.*

—

Donald MacLeod, Wm. E. Spaulding, Thos. McWilliams, *Committee of Arrangements.* Wm. R. Smith, Gilbert Cameron, James Sword.

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Col. Robert Stevens,
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Edward A. Dickins,
Dr. Wm. A. Spence,
J. N. McIntyre,
John Mitchel,
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Peter Bacon,
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Charles White,
George White,
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James Donnelly,
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F. A. Lity,
J. C. C. Hamilton,
Charles Haskins,
Benjamin F. Wilkins,
George W. Flood,
Thos. Magrath,
Maj. B. B. French,
A. Dimitry,
William P. Drury,
William Higgins,
Benjamin Chambers,
John Mellis,
James Brown,
James A. Tait,
George Gibson,
Robert Galbraith,
William Roberts,
Alexander Rutherford,
L. Oppenheimer,
Charles Lewison,
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Albert Woodley,
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William Thomas,
John Wise,
Thos. E. Young,
William Geddes,
William Mohun,
John H. Small,
Archibald Cunningham,
George F. Cunningham,
John H. Cunningham,
Jerome Callahan,
Thos. W. Spence,
Dr. Antisell,
A. J. Glosbrenner,
Joseph Shillington,
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William Galt,
John T. Mitchell,
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George Thorp,
A. F. Cunningham,
Rev. Dr. Balch,
W. L. Nicholson,
James F. Gibson,
Alex'r Gardner,
W. B. Brady,
Timothy A. Sullivan,
William Dickson,
William Ballantyne,
Edward Dolan,
Richard Goodchild,
John Watt,
Hon. Jas. G. Berret,
Wm. H. Ward,
Francis Mohun,
R. H. Laskey,
J. F. Ennis,
S. S. Parker,
Edward Stubbs,
William Forsyth,
A. L. Newton,
J. F. Coyle,
Peter Gallant,
William H. Clampitt,
Mr. McMahon,
B. Riordan,
Y. P. Page,

THE CELEBRATION.

The Washington City Burns Club celebrated, with marked success, the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of "Scotia's Bard." No pains had been spared by the committee of arrangements, to have the Celebration at the Metropolis of the United States worthy of the occasion, and they were well-seconded by the landlords of the National Hotel, at which the entertainment was given. A large portion of those present were either "brither Scots," or of Scotch descent, but it was not left to them alone to honor the memory of one whose fame is cherished the world over. Men of many nations joined in testifying their admiration for him who had "an inspiration for every fancy and music for every mood."

The large dining room of the Hotel was decorated with engraved portraits of Burns and of scenes from his poems. Three long tables extended the whole length of the hall, with a cross table at the upper end, for the invited guests. The banquet was profuse, and the bill of fare comprised luxuries and substantials, with ornamented confectionary and large bowls of "reekin punch."

Senator Pearce, the Honorary President, took the head of the table, Mr. Speaker Orr, Honorary Vice President, presiding at the other end of the room. Rev. Dr. Balch, by invitation, said a most impressive grace, after which the company sat down, and enjoyed the material entertainment, until called to order for the more intellectual "feast of reason."

Senator Pearce, on rising to speak, was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers. When silence was restored, he said:

Gentlemen: We are assembled to-night to commemorate the natal day of a great genius and poet—of one whose name is a familiar household word in Scotland—whose poetry has stirred the enthusiasm of every grown man and woman in that country, and touched the hearts of all elsewhere who love nature, who are capable of feeling depth and tenderness of sentiment or who enjoy the mirth of humor. Just one hundred years ago, within the clay walls of a cottage which his own father's hands had constructed, Robert Burns was born:

"Fair science smiled not on his humble birth."

No "boast of heraldry" was his. Few and feeble were the gleams of prosperity which through a life of toil and severe struggles with poverty cheered the peasant bard. He owed very little to education, far less to patronage, and nothing to the accidents of fortune. Yet, while drudging in the daily routine of labors, which may well be supposed to have been somwhat repulsive to one of his susceptibilities, he felt the sting of genius. His own fervid and impassioned imagination bred and nourished in him a love of song, and before he had passed the period of early manhood, he was the author of a body of poetry sufficient in itself for a national minstrelsy. This was not the result of a systematic pursuit of poetry as an art—of careful study of the finest models of poetic taste and beauty. The poetry of Burns welled out from the fountain of his own imagination. It was the natural overflow of a mind full of strong feeling, of quick and warm sensibilities, and of bold, original thought. He was not merely the author of beautiful fancy scenes, such as spring from the ardor of poetic invention, but rather the painter of nature and truth—daguerreotyping in his mind all that appeared to him attractive and striking, particularly in that lowly life, along whose sequestered vale his own condition and pursuits chiefly led him. But, however he strung his harp, whether in lowly life or amid its higher scenes, his was—

"That music to whose tone,
The common pulse of man keeps tune."

His poetry spoke to the hearts of men, and filled them with his own yearnings, while it revealed to them in full beauty and tenderness, what they had only dimly seen or vaguely felt before. All this, as well as his sympathy with the people, the scorn of abject de-

pendence which his verses breathed, their teachings to the poor of honest pride and self-respect, and his manly sentiment not only embodied in bold verse, but ever exhibited in his independent life, that—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the man for a' that"—

made him the favorite of the Scottish people. And to this day, though more than sixty years have passed since his death, Robert Burns is as dear to them, and his memory is as freshly cherished as when their tears bedewed his early tomb. In the beauty and variety of his songs, he has been compared to the birds—those "sweet children of the air."

Montgomery likened him to—

"The woodlark in his mournful hours,
The goldfinch in his mirth,
The thrush—a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth;
The linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness, the dove;
And more than all beside, was he,
The nightingale, in love."

This is both true and beautiful. His descriptions of natural scenery were seldom too elaborate, but almost invariably fresh, fragrant, and truthful; so that in gathering poetic sweets from nature's charms, he has been fitly "compared to the humming bird, from bloom to bloom, inhaling heavenly balm." In the martial lyric, he has given us an ode unsurpassed in any age—if, indeed, it has ever been equalled. Burns's address to his army stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet. In its few but magnificent verses it appeals to the pride of former renown, the hope of glorious victory, the devotion of faithful patriotism, the honor of generous loyalty, the sacred love of freedom, scorn of the coward and the traitor's shame, and detestation of oppressions chains—to all that could swell the hearts and fire the souls of brave men upon the field of desperate conflict, compressed into a few verses, every word of which makes the bosom throb with the high and bold resolution: "To do or die."

The Cotter's Saturday Night I will not attempt to analyze, but I may say that it is a beautiful, and I believe, a truthful description of scenes in domestic Scottish life, full of moral and sacred influences,—of honest, sincere family affection, of simple, generous hospitality, of pure and bashful love, of unaffected reverence, and sober, earnest devotion. Neither will I dwell upon Tam O'Shanter—

"Glorious
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious"—

Nor Hallowe'en that fine portraiture of popular superstitions, nor upon many other pieces abounding in rich humour, tender sentiment, picturesque description or stinging satire, and characterized by the varied powers which lifted Burns above his original condition, and gave him an imperishable name and fame among the children of song. He was not indeed the author of an epic, nor of long, elaborately sustained poems:

"The simple bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough,"

had no opportunity for this amidst the weary labors and anxious solicitudes of his lowly lot. But it was wonderful how much he accomplished in spite of so many disadvantages. Compelled to train himself, with very meagre resources, except such as were supplied from his own genius, he was able to win the homage of his fellow peasants, and then to command the admiration of the great. Slow and stinted were his public rewards; and Great Britain, whose literature he had gemmed with so many beauties, had nothing better to bestow on the immortal bard than the uncongenial and repulsive employment of an exciseman, working hard for about £50 per annum. As before, he had composed his poetry, either amidst the labors of the field or in his occasional wanderings by brae and burn, so now he wooed the muses successfully, not by Helicon or at Parnassus, but while galloping on horseback over the moors and mountains of his bonnie Scotland in pursuit of contraband, hunting smugglers on the wild sea coast, or detecting other frauds on the revenue.

Death, which so early stilled his song forever, came not in time to prevent his securing that permanent fame which he coveted more than wealth or honors; and posterity, more just and generous than cotemporaries, have given to his mortal remains a fitting mausoleum, and to his memory a consecrated place in the Scottish heart. Even here, too, it lives, fresh and green, by the sparkling waters of our Atlantic, and in the grand primeval woods of our mighty West.

Gentlemen, for more than a century past, Scotland has been prolific of intellectual development in all departments. She has contributed to the realm of which she forms but a small part, a large proportion of the men distinguished as metaphysicians, political economists, inventors, historians, critics, jurists, orators, and poets. Among them all,

no one has secured a higher place in the admiration and affections of his countrymen, than Burns. As confirmatory of this, I may mention this incident: A philosophic friend of mine was traveling some years ago in Scotland, where he visited Abbotsford. On returning from this visit, he fell into company and conversation with a plain Scotch farmer, to whom he talked of the illustrious founder of Abbotsford, of his brilliant poems, and still more brilliant prose fictions, which have been, and still are the delight of all readers of romance, and which indeed have made a new epoch in the history of literature. To all that he said, the Scotchman listened with evident pride and pleasure. Yet, he replied thus: "The Sherra was a grand writer and a vera clever chiel, but for a' that he could na haud a candle to Robbie Burns."

SENATOR PEARCE then commenced offering the Regular Toasts, each of which was, as given, repeated by the Vice-chairman.

First Regular Toast. "The memory of Robert Burns.

Soul of the Poet! Wheresoe'r,
Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality—
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with *thine* influence illume
The gladness of our Jubilee! CAMPBELL.

J. M. CARLISLE, Esq., who had been invited by the Committee of Arrangements to respond to this sentiment, was introduced by the Chairman, and was warmly greeted.

He prefaced his remarks by acknowledging the honor which had been assigned to him—of which, he said, he was very sensible, and not the less so because (if his friends from the Emerald Isle, some of whom he saw near him, would pardon a slight inaccuracy of expression, and he knew they were fastidious about such things) all the Scottish blood he had was derived by inheritance from his posterity. Yes, sir, (continued Mr. Carlisle,) my bairns, and bairns bairns, till the blood runs out, may claim their lawful share in Scotland's pride in her illustrious names—her long array of heroes, statesmen, poets, and philosophers—her wide domain of learning and of song—of lore and legend—her strong and sterling race.

The memory of Burns! What a volume is enclosed in these few and simple words! What well-remembered pictures of the gentle, the manly, the beautiful, the sublime, rise up before us. What moving associations with all nature, animate and inanimate, mortal and immortal, throng upon the mind, and by turns swell the pulse, and soothe, and nestle in, and melt the heart, when we call upon each other, as we now do, to remember Burns!

The sod was green upon his grave when the oldest of the men around this board was but a child. None of us ever beheld him. And yet, "the memory of Burns" brings up before us, with vivid clearness, a household form. His spirit is no strange companion, no cold and formal guest to-night. It is evoked from no dim and distant region of imagination, with which mere flesh and blood can hold at best but brief and feverish intercourse. He revisits us, not

—"by the fitful glimpses of the moon,"

but, as it were, in the sparkling dew and early sun-light of the morning—the flowers springing up to court his merry smile, and breathing out their incense at his feet; the birds carroling above his head; and banks and braes, and haughs and woods, and winding streams and waving fields, are all about him; and near at hand, the humble cot, the plough, the sickle, and the flail;—while native wit, and rustic beauty, and love, and friendship, follow in his train!

I do not mean to say that with the memory of Burns come only such bright and cheerful recollections. Far from it. But among the poets this is his undisputed empire; and in the hearts of millions these are the associations which are foremost to gather around his name.

One hundred years ago this day, in a "clay biggin" in Ayrshire, was heard the first wail of a new-born boy, whose voice was destined to awaken melodious echoes throughout all generations of the British race; echoes which successive centuries will receive and throw forward, from peak to peak, along the great sierra of time, till it loses itself in the ocean of eternity.

This is not exaggeration. We have no reason to expect that the kindred people who are this night, in distant quarters of the globe, moved by a common impulse to honor the memory of Burns, will cease while time lasts to "hold their own" upon that globe;—rather may that prophet who speaks only by the inspiration of the past (our only prophets now-a-days) foretell incursion than retreat. But it needs no prophet, of either sort, to say that the latest blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, or America will stir the heart and quicken in the vein under the spell of Robert Burns. The secret is, he speaks to human

nature, to that simple, manly nature which is ever turning back to the pure fountains of natural emotion, and away from artificial streams of sickly sentiment.

True poetry is the gift of nature. Art may counterfeit it, and in part supply its place, but only within a narrow range. Its true magic is the offspring of the heart—the gift of nature. Heart answers heart as by a law of nature. In both poetry and eloquence the words which are immortal—the words which are independent of time, and place, and circumstances, are spoken by great nature of what concerns herself. It may be, and often is, that they are garnished with all that art can do; but the thought, the feeling, the hope, the fear, the thing itself—whether of the past, the present, or the future—to be more than the creation of the hour, must be an emanation from the heart,—the common heart of all mankind. Thus it was with Burns. You have aptly quoted a stanza from one of our own poets, who has, with singular beauty, expressed what every body feels of Burns. Allow me to remind you of some neighboring lines—

> "His is that language of the heart
> In which the answering heart would speak—
> Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
> Or the smile light the cheek."

The simplest scenes—objects insignificant and senseless to the common mind, under his touch assume their true relations to the common heart of man. A single example. He is holding his plough in the field at Mossgiel, fulfilling the primeval sentence, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and in the midst of his toil he makes "immortal as his song," the

> "Wee sleek it, cowrin timorous beastie"—

the fieldmouse whose "wee bit housie" he had laid in ruin with his ploughshare.

How the true poet of nature looms upon us in such a scene! How sublimely does his immortal part soar above the narrow circumstances of its clay tenement, and there, under the broad heavens, proclaim its conscious immortality! Think of it a moment. The body bending and straining at the plough; the soul free as air, revelling in ethereal space, weaving into sweetest words the gentlest fancies and the purest emotions.

This, you know, is not an imaginary scene. We have the testimony of his gaudsman, Johnny Blane, that the simple incident which he has thus perpetuated, really occurred, and that for the rest of his ploughing that day the bard gave visible tokens of being rapt in contemplation, and on his return to his humble cottage sat at his little deal table and committed its result to paper. I would not select it as an example of his poetic genius, eclipsed as it is by many others of his productions; but it is to be thought of and cited whenever we would picture to ourselves the ploughman bard.

All honor to the plough! The poet of the seasons says:

> "In ancient times the sacred plough employed
> The Kings and awful fathers of mankind;
> And some, with whom compared your insect tribes
> Are but the beings of a summers' day,
> Have held the scale of empire—ruled the storm
> Of mighty war; then with unwearied hand,
> Disdaining little delicacies, seized
> The plough—and greatly independent lived."

But it was reserved for our peasant poet alone, at one and the same time to open the bosom of mother earth with the coulter, and to unlock the fountains of all hearts by the inspiration of his own; to bend the body, and exalt the soul; to strain and struggle under the weight of weary toil, and all the time "upon the wings of the dove, to soar away to yonder mountain, and be at rest."

And so with rational nature; his intercourse with it was constantly suggestive to his genius. His sense of humor, his perception of the ridiculous, his contempt of all things base, his worship of all things truly noble, his tender susceptibility of true pathos, the deep and everflowing fountain of all generous and gentle sympathies which welled up within him, transmuted everything around him into immortal song. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," he was carried by the strong and natural impulse of poetry; and all ranks and conditions of men followed him entranced. All hues and tones of poetry by turns inspired him, and often with surprising versatility; so that as we read some of his most characteristic poems, the tear which fills the eye at one moment, is dried up at the next by the warmest and heartiest smile. It seemed, indeed, that the extremes of emotion—

> "Alternate swayed his breast; like light and shade
> Upon a waving field, chasing each other,
> While flying clouds now hide and now reveal
> The sun."

And so truly are they expressed that they are instantly and vividly mirrored by every reader.

Scenes of roystering mirth—scenes of solemn devotion—the cradle and the grave—the smiling meadow, and the field of blood—the soft lament, the towering hope—the whis-

pered words of love—clarion call of patriotism—were all at his command—and seemed each in turn his own peculiar province. And yet, with all these treasures, which have enriched the world,

"Chill penury had marked him for her own."

He lived and died in humblest, straightened circumstances. But no sooner was that celestial light extinguished, than a whole nation was ready to relume it, if that were possible, at any sacrifice. In the land of his birth it seemed that death had visited every fireside, and made an empty chair at every board. Everywhere the voice of affection and of grief broke forth as from one breast.

Scotland took her idol in her arms, and strained him to her bosom. But alas, too late, too late! He was cold and stark, insensible to her embraces.

In the prime and flower of his life—his tale half told—his song half sung—he dropped into the grave.

The poet of the Church-yard, in imagination standing by an humble mound, has said

"No longer seek his merits to disclose.
Nor drag his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose—
The bosom of his Father, and his God.

These touching lines may well recur to us, however pure and sacred the dust which the sod covers. But we are met to-night to do honor to all that is honorable in the memory of Burns. He was but a man: and

"A man's a man for a' that,"

and he was a man amongst men, "head and shoulders taller" than the flower of mankind, and as men we well may do him honor.

No vain and hollow phrases of laudation are uttered, here or elsewhere to night, by those who meet together to honor the memory of Burns. We are here, each man of us, for ourselves and those who have gone before us, and for those who, through us, are to fill our places when we are known no more, to pay a portion of a debt which can never be extinguished. The solitary hours which he has enlivened; the sadness which he has cheered; the beds of lingering sickness whose weariness he has beguiled; these things alone impose upon our hearts a debt of ever-living gratitude. All that is left to us is to honor his memory. I must not forget that this is a grateful duty, in which we must all participate. The hours are flying. Thrifty Scotland admonishes me not to be prodigal of time. Burns himself would tell us that

"When drouthy neebors neebors meet"

is no time for "lang discourses."

Then, sir, let the toast go round; be his songs sung; his lays recited; the stories of his life rehearsed. And in our festivity, let us not forget those who on the other side of the water are this night thinking and feeling in unison with ourselves. For their sakes I trust to be pardoned for breaking the order of your toasts, and asking all to fill their glasses to this sentiment:

"To the electric cable of sympathy, which lies deeper than the depths of ocean, and is now transmitting, from continent to continent, an unbroken current in memory of Burns."

(Drank with all the honors.)

Second Regular Toast. "Scotland."

Oh, Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood!
Land of the mountain and the flood!
Land of our sires! what ruthless hand
Shall e'er untie the filial band
That knits us to the rugged strand? SCOTT.

GILBERT CAMERON, Esq., President of the St. Andrews' Society of Washington City, was loudly called upon to respond to this sentiment. Acknowledging the compliment as paid to the Society at which he is at the head of rather than to himself personally, he declined making a speech, but favored the company with that capital song "Rantin Rovin Robin." It was received with great enthusiasm.

Third Regular Toast. "The President of the United States."

A letter was read from PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, expressing his regret that a previous engagement at home prevented his attendance, and offering as a sentiment:—

"Robert Burns: The child of impulse and of genius. His memory will be ever cherished by those who have taste to discern and hearts to feel the simple pathos of true poetry."

The company rose, and gave three hearty cheers and "a tiger" for the President of the United States—one of the clan Buchanan.

Hon. Mr. Orr, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was called for from all parts of the hall to respond to the toast in honor of the President. When he rose, he was loudly applauded, and he spoke substantially as follows—

In rising to respond to the sentiment just offered he felt that any extended remarks of his would be rather an intrusion; yet it was but meet that on an occasion like this some passing notice should be given to the Chief Executive of a great nation. His was a high and responsible office, an office that had ever been filled by the most illustrious and most eminent men of our country in the past, and he sincerely trusted that, in the future, the robes of that high position might never be soiled by unworthy contact. Mr. Buchanan's was no sudden elevation. Step by step he had risen to his present eminence. He began his public career as a member of the Pennsylvania legislature. Next he represented our national interest abroad as American Minister at the court of Russia. Subsequently he was elected a member of the United States Senate, and it would be reflecting no discredit, he felt sure, upon that distinguished body, to say that he was one of its brightest ornaments. Under the administration of President Polk he was elevated to the post of Secretary of State. With regard to the ability with which he filled that lofty station he would not speak; he preferred not to trench on controverted points, yet he might be permitted to say that the policy pursued by Mr. Buchanan with regard to our foreign relations was in the highest degree creditable and advantageous to our country. And now that he is seated in the Chair of State, he was confident that he possessed the will, as he was gifted with the ability, to preserve untarnished our national honor, both at home and abroad. He would pass over his administration, trusting that when it had passed away its public acts would be fully and justly appreciated. Concerning the poet, whose memory they had assembled to honor, after what had been already said, he could add but little. Burns was, to use his own expression, "a man who had little art in making money, and less in taking care of it." Poor and neglected, hunted by creditors, he had lived and died; but at that moment his name and fame were being celebrated in every civilized country on the face of the globe. Mr. Orr concluded, thanking the company for the kind attention they had manifested during his remarks.

Fourth Regular Toast. "Our Sister Associations throughout the World, that to-day are rendering the homage of Nations to the Peasant Bard of Scotland."

The Corresponding Secretary read the following telegraphic dispatches which had been received—some of them in response to greetings sent "over the wires" at the commencement of the Banquet:

Boston, 9 o'clock, P. M., Jan. 25.

The Boston Burns Club accept the fraternal challenge of their brethren in Washington, and with heart and soul say "Here's to ye;" where e'er ye gang may good luck follow closely.

Jno. C. Moore, *Sec. Boston Burns Club.*

Montreal, Upper Canada, Jan. 25.

The Montreal Burns Club offer hearty greetings to their brethren in Washington. We too celebrate the natal day of the truest bard the world ever saw. Honor to the memory of Burns, and may the next centennial still swell the chorus of his fame.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 25.

Robert Burns, the only monarch on whom the Scottish nation ever united, and whose throne is erected not on glittering bayonets, but in the hearts of the people.

Astor House, N. Y., Jan. 25.

The Burns Club of the city of New York have selected the following toast and sentiment to be drank all over America at 10 o'clock precisely, N. Y. time: "Kindred associations throughout the world: May they preserve the songs and disseminate the sentiments of Burns till man to man the world o'er shall brithers be and a' that.

Vair Clirehugh, *Corresponding Sec'y.*

Newark, N. J., Jan. 25.

The Burns Club of Newark offer as a sentiment: The Cottar Homes of Scotland. There cosie hearthstones have ever been tha nurseries of true patriotism and the alters of unswerving piety; but for them the world this night would want the glorious memory of her Burns; blessing be on them—the Cottar Homes of Scotland.

Philadelphia, Jan. 25, 1859.

The centennial birth-day of Robert Burns, of world wide celebrity, whose fame will increase when we, who now do honor to his memory, are laid with him in the dust.

"Time but the impression deeper makes
As streams their channels deeper wear."

Baltimore, Jan. 25.

The Baltimore Burns Club to their Bairns at Washington, greeting: May joy and mirth abound at your festive board, on this night of jubilee in honor of Scotia's immortal son.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 25.

The Burns Festival offer as a sentiment in honor of the home of him whose memory we celebrate: "The soul of wit, pathos and pure affection! Where does it swell forth so freely as in the land of Burns."

Respectfully, Rob. Morris, *President Louisville Burns Festival.*

TREMONT HOUSE, CHICAGO, Jan. 25.

Chicago drinks to the memory of Burns!
Robert Burns is passing by.
Heart of leal can this be dying,
Coming thus sublimely down—
Lo! an hundred winters sighing,
Leave unstrewn the holy crown.

Not in sorrow dawns thy morrow,
Highland Mary by thy side,
Making life and love keep time,
Beauty be thy deathless bride,
Weaving all our hearts in rhyme.

Chorus—Everywhere, everywhere,
Smiles will break and tears will start—
Making rainbows round the heart,
Ploughman, brother, bard of Ayr.

W. B. EGAN, *Chairman Chicago Burns Club.*

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 25.

The Committee of the Burns Festival in New Orleans cordially reciprocate the kind sentiments of the Burns Club of Washington, and desire to be remembered in their festivities. The electric flash blends our feelings in one current, as the magic songs of Burns unite the hearts of his countrymen throughout the world.

MOBILE, Jan. 25.

Friends of Scotland and admirers of Burns join the Washington Burns Club in honoring the memory of Scotia's Bard.

After these dispatches had been read, the Chairman announced the—

Fifth Regular Toast. "The Poets of Scotland and America."

Oh, deem not, midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings!
Let high Philosophy control,
And sages calm the stream of life!
'Tis he refines its fountain springs—
The nobler passions of the soul!

DONALD MACLEOD, Esq., responded as follows:—

The toast to which my brothers of the Burns Club have requested me to respond is so worthy of this commemoration that I regret my inability to do justice to it—especially within the limited time allowed to a festive speech. What more suitable homage can be paid to Robert Burns than to recognize and honor the great masters of the art in which he excelled?—the most intellectual, the purest, the noblest, the sublimest of all the Fine Arts. For though Burns—

"Like sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warbled his native wood-notes wild,"

yet he was an artist of the very first order; and, as a describer of nature, and delineator of humanity, unsurpassed for correctness, in the best sense of that term.

Or, what more pious tribute to his memory could be given than to revive to your recollection, at this consecrated hour, the qualities which endeared the humbler names of Tannahill and Ferguson to Burns and the people among whom they lived, and piped their simple lays to simple hearts—to gather up, as it were, the relics of that reputation which was once co-extensive with the simple Doric dialect, that has been carried to every clime in the wide world by the hardy and adventurous sons of Caledonia,—to show how they drew tears of pity, or awakened throbs of admiration, or swelled the heart with social songs, and the revelry of the intellect.

Or, what would be more becoming, on this occasion, than to dwell on the genius and worth of those illustrious poets of the nineteenth century in Scotland and America, who have, as by common accord, made him whom we honor to-night, the subject of the most fervid eulogy in some of the noblest of their verses?

But the theme is quite too large. It calls up to the dullest apprehension, and to the coldest imagination too many ideas, images and associations; and I hardly know where to begin, or how to treat it.

The poets of Scotland! What words can I use to increase the power of the spell which lies in such a theme? Or, if passing over the bards since the times of the pedantic King James, I come down to Allan Ramsay—how can I adequately present to you the author of "The Gentle Shepherd?" His lines are familiar to the most untutored Scotchman, though ignorant of the author; for they have passed not only into the proverbs, but into the common vocabulary, of both highlands and lowlands. To the classical scholar must be denied any genuine relish of the pastorals of Theocritus or Virgil, if he does not love the best Pastoral which modern Europe has produced.

To you, Mr. President, who may very properly feel some pride in your connection with another family of Ramsays, and the noble house of Dalhousie, distinguished alike in

statesmanship and arms, I am sure it would be a fountain of family glory to claim the poet as one of your own in lineage as well as in name. "The Gentle Shepherd" will live as long as "Waterloo," where was won the Earldom of Dalhousie for the Ramsays.

And how can I worthily speak of the long line of luminaries that blazed along the firmament of Scottish glory since the era of Burns? Scott, sometimes called the great Magician!—let us name him rather the High Priest of Nature,—the interpreter of his country, her people, their history, their traditions, their thoughts and emotions, their passions and their prejudices,—who explained to the whole civilized world the significance of those characters of sublimity and loveliness inscribed by God himself on every mountain, lake and valley, wood and waterfall,—and who peopled the whole of his native land with the majestic or attractive beings of Romance—Scott, one of the greatest benefactors of Scotland—far greater than any of her utilitarian philosophers or merely practical men— for he opened new and excellent roads where there was scarcely a bridle-path before; he established confortable inns amidst Highland wilds; and placed pinnaces, barges and steamboats on the remotest lochs and rivers; he created the necessity for such things, in order to accommodate the crowds of visitors who made his immortal poems or novels their guide-books—one of his most boasted literary recollections was that, in his youth, he had seen Burns; "*Vidi Virgilium*" was his happy classical allusion to it. He cherished, with fondness, the memory of the minutest circumstances connected with that meeting. The page which records it, in Lockhart's biography, is equally honorable to Burns, and the boy-poet who was to become the most celebrated Scotchman of the nineteenth century.

How shall I fitly notice Campbell, who in his youth, while yet a lad at Glasgow College, sang that bold and lofty strain for liberty and humanity in "the Pleasures of Hope," which is yet repeated by every school-boy—associating his name with that of Kosciusko, our own Kosciusko, the companion in arms of Washington; and encircling it with a glory in the estimation of the Polish people, such as no nation ever accorded to a foreigner—Campbell, the author of war-songs, second only to "Bruce's Address" in energy and fire—Campbell, who made our own country the theatre of as sweet, pathetic, and highly finished a story of domestic life, romantic incident, and tragic sorrow as is to be found in the whole compass of literature; leaving us two beings of his imagination to divide our interest—the Oneida Chief,

> "That stoic of the woods, a man without a tear!"

and the exquisite Gertrude of Wyoming, on whose cheek bloomed indeed the rose of England, but yet—

> "Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore."

Notwithstanding all that has been written about Burns, Campbell's remarks are left unapproachable in point of originality and cordial appreciation; and the ode to his memory, of which a verse was appended to the leading toast of to-night, sufficiently attests what an idolater of the great Peasant Poet was the most polished, classic, and learned of Scotland's bards.

James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, on whom the mantle of Burns' genius fell, the author of "Kilmeny," shines among the glens and mountains of Caledonia with a brightness that needs no farther illustration; yet, in his own simple and nervous Doric, he said:

"I was aye vera prood of being a Scots poet, but was never sae prood as when my humble name was connecked wi' Robin Burns."

John Wilson, or, as he is more endearingly known to you, Christopher North—

> "————describe him who can,
> An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man;"

an epitome of all kinds of ability, mental and physical—who gloried in vindicating the true titles of Burns to the universal fame which this day proves has been awarded to him by posterity.

Graham, whose "Sabbath" may be well classed with the "Cotter's Saturday Night," as scarcely less full of the simple piety, the strong consciousness of "God with us," the ever-present recognition of God in the mind and in the heart, in the household and in the community, which are the outgrowth of principles firmly fixed in the very soul of old Scotland.

Motherwell, the author of "Mary Morrison"—Moir, the "Delta" of Blackwood,—Allan Cunningham, Lockhart, Galt, &c., &c. What! you may perhaps ask, will the line hold on to the crack of doom? So fertile has Scotland been in names worthy of commemoration on this occasion. But I must, for the present, drop the curtain on the splendid procession of Scottish men of genius, who, in our day, have honored themselves by honoring Burns.

The Poets of America! Let me now turn to them, so worthily associated in the toast with those of Scotland. The day has long gone by when it could be asked, "who reads

an American book?" or "who reads an American Poem?" Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, Holmes and others are, in their different spheres, quite as popular on the other side of the Atlantic as they are among our own people. The day for the highest productions of the muse in America may not yet have come. We have been too busy with acting Epics to find time for writing them. But as America has produced Heroes worthy of the noblest verse, the day will surely come when she will give a Poet worthy of celebrating achievements as glorious as ever epic genius handed over to fame.

Of those now living, I will venture to mention two whose fame is worldwide, and who are notably connected with this commemoration. Bryant, the most picturesque and original describer of American scenery, presiding, as we learn by telegraph, at the New York celebration; and Halleck, a lyrist of the highest order, whose praise will be peculiarly appreciated in such an assembly as this, for he excelled all other writers in a tribute to Burns—the Lines to a Wild Rose from Alloway.

Mr. President, I have spoken too long; but my apology is the theme assigned to me. I hope it will not be deemed out of place, if I add, in such a community as ours, and before such a company, that the lesson read by the lives of all poets and men of genius is one and the same; that the habit of regularity is essential to the full development of even the highest natural gifts of intellect and imagination; that poetry is never so permanently captivating or grand as when it adorns and energizes the cause of Morality and Religion—and that the false glare which seduces men from the path of regularity, and "leads astray," is not "Light from Heaven!"

Sixth Regular Toast. "The Sons of Burns! Inheritors of the sturdy independence, the strong sense, the noble self-reliance, and the tender heart of their illustrious sire."

This toast was followed by that well known Scotch song, "Maggie Lauder," sung by Mr. Albert Woodley with great spirit, and eliciting rounds of applause.

The Secretary then read a letter from Col. W. W. Seaton, senior editor of the *National Intelligencer*, expressing his regret that the state of his health prevented his attendance at "the celebration of the centennial birth-day of the illustrious bard of Scotland, Robert Burns, whose inimitable poems will be read and admired as long as the English language lasts." He offered as a sentiment:

Scotch Bards and Scotch Brigades. The genius of one and the valor of the other alike shed lustre on the heroic land of their nativity.

A letter from Walter L. Nicholson was also read, in which he, "as a brither Scot," offers for the acceptance of the members of the Burns Club, a "likeness of the Poet," being an etching by his father, the late Wm. Nicholson, (of the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting,) after Nasmyth's well-known portrait, painted in 1786, the only one from the life, and taken when Burns was in the full vigor of his powers.

The thanks of the Washington City Burns Club were voted to Mr. Nicholson for his acceptable present, and for the loan of the likenesses of Sir Walter Scott, Christopher North, and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, which decked the hall—all portraits from life, by his father.

Seventh Regular Toast. The City of Washington. May Congress and the municipal government never forget their responsibilities as guardians of the metropolis of the nation.

His Honor Mayor BERRET, in obedience to loud calls from all parts of the hall, rose—

He would have the honor, he said, of responding to the sentiment just drank; and for this he felt that he was indebted more to the position which he was proud to occupy than to any merits of his own He thought that Congress, as the faithful guardians of this republic, should take a pride in embelishing its Metropolis. He was not among those who believed that any combination whatever could bring about the transfer of our Capitol to any other place in the universe. The name of him who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was an ample guarantee that for all time to, come, the City of Washington was to be the greatest Capital on the face of the earth. And if the glory and perpetuity of our country depended upon the citizens of Washington, it was in safe hands. He felt disinclined to do more than to acknowledge briefly the compliment which had been paid to our city, and he would now yield to other and more able gentlemen.

Eighth Regular Toast. The Good Old Cause. Equal Laws and Free Constitutions throughout the world.

Where'er extend the lakes and seas,
They'l mak' what rules and laws *they please*;
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their free-born bluid a ranklin';
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Lafayette fearless lead them,
'Till Heaven knows what may be effected,
When by such heads and hearts directed. BURNS.

Professor ALEXANDER F. DIMITRY, of Louisiana, called on to respond to this toast by singing the "Marseilles Hymn," prefaced it with some pertinent and eloquent remarks. He then gave, in the original French, that glorious rallying cry of Liberty, the whole audience joining in the chorus.

[Mr. SPEAKER ORR was at this period of the entertainment called on to preside by SENATOR PEARCE, who was forced by the state of his health to retire. As he left the hall, the entire party rose, and gave him three hearty cheers.]

Ninth Regular Toast. The Lassies.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears,
Her noblest wark she classes, O!
Her *'prentice* han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lassies, O!

Mr. W. B. TODD, in response to this sentiment, sang in capital style "My Nannie's Awa." It was loudly applauded and encored.

Major B. B. FRENCH, being especially called on by the President, rose and made some remarks, occupying from ten to fifteen minutes, in which he expressed his great pleasure in being present. He spoke of Burns's estimable and genial character as a man. He pronounced him unrivalled as a popular poet, warm and devoted in his friendships, earnest in his opposition to and ridicule of, cant and hypocricy, but possessed of a soul filled with pure religion, and a love of all animated nature. He illustrated his positions by quotations from the poet's writings.

He concluded by repeating the following poem, written by him for the occasion. Mr. French's remarks and poem were received with much applause.

One hundred years ha' ta'en their flight
Since, upon Scottish earth,
A son o' song first saw the light—
The Muses hailed its birth.
In auld lang syne, my dear,
In auld lang syne,
His name, they ca'd it ROBBIE BURNS,
In auld lang syne.

He grew a winsome youth, and fair,
An' as Time wagged along,
His cantie mind, so rich and rare,
Poured out itself in song.
In auld lang syne, my dear,
In auld lang syne,
Sang glorious, gifted ROBBIE BURNS,
In auld lang syne.

His kindly heart, in ilka line
He ever penned, was seen;
The sparkling gems from that rich mine
Out-glowed the diamond's sheen.
In auld lang syne, my dear,
In auld lang syne,
An' we'll tak' a cup o' kindness *now*
For auld lang syne.

The lasses lo'ed his gallant ways,
All cannie hearts he won,
And Scotland a' was in a blaze,
O' glory in her son.
In auld lang syne, &c.

His ain land could na' hold his fame;
It flashed from shore to shore,
And ROBBIE'S was a household name
The whole creation o'er!
In auld lang syne, &c.

E'en here, in this cauld Norland clime,
Hearts melted at his lay,
Or glee burst out and ca'd his rhyme
The funniest o' the day.
In auld lang syne, &c.

To Mary's "dear departed shade"
The holiest thoughts were borne,
And a' a tearful tribute paid
To "Man was made to mourn."
In auld lang syne, &c.

But oh! the wild and merry glee,
The laugh so brisk and bonnie,
That marked the mirth and revelrie
Of Tam and Souter Johnny.
In auld lang syne, my dear,
In auld lang syne,
An' we'll tak' a cup o' kindness *now*
For auld lang syne.

And where's the callan, far or near,
Wha did na' e'er bewail
That mischief to O'Shanter's mare—
The loss of her gray tail!
In auld lang syne, &c.

And lives there one who ever read
The "Cotter's Satur-e-'en,"
But a' throughout his bluid there spread
Religion's beauteous sheen?
Na' for lang syne, my dear,
Na' for lang syne,
But for immortal bliss in Heaven,
When gone is earth's lang syne!

When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"
Sweeps o'er the Patriot's lyre,
The tones that Bruce to battle led,
Set ilka heart on fire.
As in lang syne, my dear,
As in lang syne,
They did at glorious Bannockburn,
In auld lang syne.

And as "A heart's warm, fond adieu"
Falls sweetly on the ear,
The "favored—the enlightened few"
Give what he asked—"a tear."
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
In memory of their Brother BURNS,
For auld lang syne.

For, without tears within his eye—
Blood tingling through his veins—
What Brother of the Mystic Tie
Can sing those soul-born strains?
Of auld lang syne, my dear,
Of auld lang syne,
Glowing from his fraternal heart,
In auld lang syne.

What friendship, oh! so leal and pure,
Speaks out in every line
Of that braw lay which must endure
While Heaven's bright sun shall shine.
'Tis "Auld Lang Syne," my dear,
'Tis "Auld Lang Syne."
And live, till human memory dies,
Shall "Auld Lang Syne!"

Oh! ROBBIE was a true good man,
Of Nature's purest mould;
Out from his heart his feelings ran,
Like drops o' molten gold.
In auld lang syne, &c.

Man has bedewed with many a tear
The sod his form inurns;
And gentle souls will cherish e'er
The memory of BURNS!
Through all long Time, my dear,
Through all long Time—
His memory shall e'er be green
Through all long Time!

Mr. WILLIAM R. SMITH offered as a volunteer sentiment: "The American Admirer's of Robie Burns, who honor him here to-night."

Hon. J. A. BINGHAM, M. C. from Ohio, was called on to respond, and said—

Mr. President and gentlemen: The centennial festival in which we now participate commenced with the close of this day in the farthest East; from that moment till this, in cheer and song and speech, it has kept pace with the hours and followed the setting sun as he "trod in his Maker's steps of fire," and will so continue westward with the deciining hours to the farthest verge of the green earth, making the air which belts the world all round, tremble with the gathered tribute of a century as it leaps from living hearts and living tongues, in honor of Robert Burns, the Peasant Poet of Scotland. The world owes as much to Burns for his example of heroic effort under sore trial and for his earnest struggle with poverty and the storms of fate, as for his simple but immortal song.

The fact sir, that without learning, without the opportunity of mental culture, without the adventitious aids of wealth and friends, under the pressure of poverty, beset with temptation, and in the lowliest and humblest walk of life, he made himself heard and honored and adored in every house on every hearth-stone, in every heart of Scotland, and still, though dead, makes himself heard and honored wherever the English language is spoken, should inspire all on whom nature has bestowed the gift of intellect, however lowly, however obscure their lot, to look up, to hope and strive. Though few may approach Burns in those simple touches of song and sentiment which thrill and vibrate in the hearts of the million, from generation to generation, every man may hope by honest endeavor like our hero, man and poet, to interpret aright the voice of nature and the demands of duty, to find out his own fit and proper work and do it; whether that work be to plow and sow and reap, or to utter thoughts of beauty and words of fire in imperishable song, till the world shall become entranced and listen that it may hear! Whoever, like Burns, does his true work, is entitled to win and wear the crown—to be enrolled among the immortals who know and obey that highest word revealed by God to man—DUTY! Out of this comes the order and strength of nations, and the joy and peace and happiness which blossom in the bosom of domestic life. Duty—

"She doth preserve the stars from wrong,
And the eternal heavens thro' her are fresh and strong."

When will the world learn to know and fitly appreciate while living, her heroes, her true and faithful children, and listen to and heed them before their battle of life is ended and their day is done. It is better, sir, to garland the living brow than to adorn the tomb; better to cherish the living spirit, than to heap cold granite over the perished dust! It had been better if England had cherished her great poet, John Milton, while in life, than to leave him as she did leave him, poor and friendless, to be hunted like a partridge on his native hills, or to wander in his old age blind and alone. And, yet sir, I need not remind you or this goodly company that Miltôn, even in his destitution and want, walked in his singing robes—immortal without having tasted death! If his matchless genius could not command England's homage, it should at least have secured him shelter and protection. But it did not! Even England's profligate king derided him in his blindness, and told him that Heaven had inflicted this chastisement upon him, for what that tyrant called *a* crime—but what truthful history calls a high and patriotic duty. Bear with me while I give the noble old man's answer to this jibe and jeer! "My misfortune," said he, "should protect me from insult. I have lost my eyes in the cause of liberty. God looks down upon me with more tenderness and compassion because I can now see none but himself." I invoke the spirit of Burns in rebuke of this malignant envy which neglects or hunts down the noble and true hearted sons of genius and honest toil, and turns aside to pay court and burn incense to ill-gotten wealth or misused power! Standing above the dust made sacred by his genius, let us not be displeased that we are bidden by Burns, and men like him, "amidst the tumult and dazzle of our busy life, to listen for the few voices and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide us."

When Burns died one of those voices was hushed,—one of those lamps was quenched—a great spirit was gone from our midst,—like the beautiful Kelmeny of his own green

hills, his starry soul "returned to the land of thought again." Sir, I intend no such injustice to the truth of history, no such injustice to the memory of Burns, as to say that he was faultless, for then he had not been mortal—our kinsman and brother! Without question he had faults, but with all his faults he was a noble man; his great tuneful heart bears witness of that; his honest face shining clear to our mental vision from that far country speaks it—his expressive eye melting in pity or glowing with the unquenchable fire of genius, attest it. The soft sweet music of his soul comes over the ear and heart "like the sweet South, that breathes upon a bank of violets." Who can read his Mary in Heaven, without awe and reverence for his genius, sympathy for his deep sorrow, and a felt conviction that they are both immortal.

Let Scotland keep maternal ward and watch over his dust—his soul of melody fills the great pulsating heart of humanity the world over. While in glory and in joy he followed his plough upon the mountain side, his sensitive spirit was filled with the beautiful and the true in nature, until he seemed attired, "with sudden brightness, like a man inspired."

I can find no fitter words in which to express my estimate of him, than those attributed to his countryman, the Shepherd in the Noctes. He says that Burns "*saw* through the clear air a' the dwallins o' man—and richt through their wofs into their hearths and their hearts." His soul saw the Cotter's Saturday Night, and in words gave the vision imperishable life. As sure as God is in heaven, and that he has given us his word on earth, that picture is a picture of the truth, and Burns, in drawing it, saw, felt, and thocht thro' that *real medium*, in which alone all that is fairest, loveliest, brightest, best in creation, is made apparent to the eyes o' genius.

Mr. President: I offer as a sentiment—Robert Burns, one of the few immortal names that were not born to die.

Mr. Wm. E. Spalding offered as a volunteer sentiment: "The Sons of Scotia in America. Their love for Scotland is only equalled by their regard for the institutions of their adopted country;" and at his request, (seconded by the gentlemen thus complimented,) the Chairman called on,

Mr. M. W. CLUSKY, Postmaster of the House of Representatives, who said:—

Mr. President and gentlemen: It is the highest compliment that we pay our own natures as well as the memory of Robert Burns that to-day, sixty-three years after the shadows of the grave had descended upon him, we are engaged commemorating his centennial birth-day; that to-day, in the language of the eloquent gentleman, (Mr. Carlisle,) there is an "electric cable of sympathy formed of true hearts, which from Continent to Continent passes over it one current of honor to the memory of Robert Burns."

Mr. Webster, upon one occasion, in speaking of the power of Great Britain, remarked, "that its morning drum beat following the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth daily with one continuous unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." To-day the manifestations of regard to Robert Burns, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the eloquence of his eulogists and the music of his songs from his world-wide admirers.

Mr. Spalding has manifested his appreciation of the Scottish character by calling on me instead of one of yourselves to respond to the very true sentiment which he has just offered. He knew that you are too easily embarrassed by a just compliment to respond otherwise than by a bashful disavowal of the merit accorded to you. He called on me, I suppose, to amplify the sentiment rather than to speak for you in acknowledgement of it. Whilst I thank him, on your behalf, for the pleasing terms in which he has been pleased to allude to you, I will for myself endorse the sentiment, and present a few reflections suggested by it.

The highest evidence, gentlemen, that you possess the qualifications to make you worthy citizens of your adopted home, is the commendable regard you pay those days which constitute the national anniversaries of your native land. A patriotic recollection by a man of the land of his birth commends him the more cheerfully to the welcome of America, and causes her to trust him the more readliy with the liberties which mark the relations of citizen to Government in this country. A pharasaical depreciation of his native land does not fit him the better for the high prerogations we greet him with here.

A short time since we joined in the celebration of Saint Andrew's day. To night we meet to pay our respect to the memory of him who everywhere that civilation has a home meets with no other commentary upon his life than that of the highest eulogy. Robert Burns was emphatically a bard, and as long as the voice of song is heard his ballads will keep alive by their sweetness the most grateful recollections of his memory.

Gentlemen, the contribution of the Scottish elements to the national interests of the country, appreciates their character as citizens. That is the result of their indomitable energy. It is that which makes them so comfortable a portion of our people. As merchants they rank amongst the most successful. The mechanic arts, which do more to advance a country than any other, has a large number of you amongst its followers in its most profitable avenues.

This seems alike to enhance your individual prosperity, and build up the nation. Most of you present to-night are engaged in mechanical pursuits upon the Government works. You change, like magic, the unhewn stone into architectural monuments, which mark alike the progress of the country and your own skill.

Time will not permit me to dwell upon so prolific a theme as Scottish history affords for a speech upon this occasion. If it were otherwise, I should like to speak to you of the time of Rhoderick Dhu and Fitz James. I should like to dwell upon William Wallace, whose giant arms, backed by a soldier's soul, and the true courage of an honest noble man, weilded the mighty sword that Scotland might be free, and Robert Bruce, ah, what a theme is there for pleasant contemplation and merited eulogy.

The battle fields, upon which English prowess has triumphed, are enriched with the blood of the Highland warriors, whilst history dedicates its brightest pages to a record of their valor. I might speak of the other contributions of Scotland to the fame of England, of her statesmen and literati, but I forbear to trespass upon your patience, and will close by thanking you for your kind attention.

P. Hannay, Esq., (President of the Club,) gave as a volunteer sentiment. "The Press! Without it Burns would not have been immortal. Dear is it to every "citizen," native or adopted, of the land of Freedom.

JOHN MITCHEL, Esq., Editor of the "Southern Citizen," was called to his feet, and was greeted with a hearty round of cheers:—

Although not informed that he was expected to speak, he would gladly avail himself of the occasion to express his thanks to the Burns Club, for their kind invitation to this festival. As a writer he was new to Washington, but he should not soon forget the welcome he had received here and elsewhere in this country. And yet he hoped and felt that it would not be considered treason to his adopted land if he should treasure up the memories of that of his birth. It had always been the peculiar prerogative of Irishmen to claim every great man, if not as an Irishman, at least as the son or grandson of one. He had a friend who was so much carried away by his admiration of Shakspeare as to insist that his proper name was O'Shaughnessy. (laughter) It was upou this principle that he felt a sort of national pride in being privileged to participate in the honors they were paying to the memory of Robert Burns. He had always endeavored to persuade himself that Burns was an Irishman; and it was easy to give, if not proofs, at least reasons that go to show the possibility of such being the fact. None could deny that Burns was an Irish name, and that to this day there were a vastly greater number possessing that name in Ireland than in Scotland. If not an Irishman, the bard of Caledonia had long since been naturalized among the Irish people. In the north of Ireland where he himself had been brought up, Burns was everywhere read and admired, and the first glimpses which he had caught of the magical power of poetry was from his stirring strains. And so he could never divest himself of the idea that Burns, endowed as he was with the warm Celtic temperament, was indeed a fellow countryman of his own. While his poetry possesses less polish than Moore's and less sentiment than Beranger's, it contained more of earnest human nature than both together.

Edward G. Dill, Esq., offered as a volunteer toast: "The Drama. It holds a mirror up to that nature which Robert Burns loved to portray."

Mr. J. M. DAWSON, the well known comedian, was "called out," and greeted with the usual applause which attends his appearance.

He sincerely thanked the assemblage for connecting his name in such flattering terms with the toast of "the Drama." He could make no excuse on the ground of "being unaccustomed to public speaking," (laughter) but, to speak the thoughts of an Author was a very different matter from finding language for his own. It was right to honor the great dead, yet he believed it but tardy justice; and he would like much better that genius while living should receive it. What gratification such an ovation wouldhave been to Burns in his lifetime! And how would even a small portion of the enthusiasm his talents now inspire, have soothed his death-bed pillow. Mr. Dawson then would abjure his hearers to cultivate greatness while it can derive some benefit from admiration. He adverted to the fate of genius, which suffered and died for want, and especially alluded

to the case of Haydon, the Artist. Coming to the toast, "The Drama," he applied the general tenor of his remarks to its sustainment, and was sorry to say, that he had frequently seen a good play well performed to an audience not nearly as numerous as that preset. It was not right, that the Drama, which is civilization, should not be better supported I have (said Mr. D., addressing Mr. Speaker Orr,) had the pleasure, Mr. Chairman, of often seeing your good humored face in front of the curtain—not half as often as I could have wished, (laughter) but, you Mr. Chairman, have your public duties to attend to, and which you fulfil with such honorable distinction, (applause) but these gentlemen have not that excuse to offer. (Laughter and applause.) Now this, also, is a thing to be amended, and with you it lies to do it. (Applause and laughter.)

Again thanking the audience who so good humoredly listened to him, Mr. Dawson said: It may be out of taste, but I cannot help making the remark, that among the many cities I have been in, not only in America, but in England and Ireland, I have never passed so pleasant a time, and enjoyed myself so much from good feeling and *bon homny* as in the city of Washington. [Applause.] Give me Washington. [Applause.] I feel that I am getting very prosy, but our friend (Mr. John Mitchel) has, as you have just heard, claimed Burns as an Irishman. [Laughter.] Now, there is an old legend very popularly believed, that St. Patrick was a Scotchman. [Laughter.] And with your permission I will attempt to sing you an account of his birth. [Applause.] Mr. Dawson then sung "The Birth of St. Patrick," amid frequent bursts of laughter.

A. J. Glosbrenner, Esq., Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, asked permission to have the rules suspended, while he offered a resolution. No objection having been made, the Chairman [Mr. Speaker Orr,] declared him "in order," and he offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved, unanimously*, That when next Mr. Dawson announces himself *at home* at the National Theatre, we will resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole, and visit him in a body."

The vote was taken, and declared to be unanimously in the affirmative.

The Secretary presented the following lines on the centennial anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns, by Francis De Haes Janvier, Esq, who was prevented by illness from attending the festival:

Fill up! Let every sparkling bowl,
O'erflow with ruby wine.
To pledge the memory of Burns,
And auld lang syne!
And auld lang syne, my friends,
And auld lang syne.
To pledge the memory of Burns,
And auld lang syne!

Let fragrant flowrets, gem'd with dew,
And myrtle boughs entwine.
To wreathe the memory of Burns,
And auld lang syne!
And auld lang syne, &c.

Beneath an humble cottage roof,
First flashed that light divine,
Which brightened o'er a thorny path,
In auld lang syne!
In auld lang syne, &c.

But poverty, and toil, and care,
Were powerless to confine,
The genius of that peasant bard,
In auld lang syne!
In auld lang syne, &c.

The coming sunlight cleaves the mist,
In many a golden line—
So triumphed Burns o'er adverse fate,
In auld lang syne,
In auld lang syne, &c.

The sunlight leaps from plain to hill,
O'er all the world to shine—
So rose that radiant intellect,
In auld lang syne!
In auld lang syne, &c.

Its beams went forth—and princes bowed
Before a rustic shrine—
It shone alike on hut and hall,
In auld lang syne!
In auld lang syne, &c.

It came to bless our distant land,
Across the heaving brine,
To bind our hearts, with links of love,
To auld lang syne!
To auld lang syne, &c.

It blazes now in rising strength,
Nor shall its power decline,
'Till the last age has hailed the light,
Of auld lang syne!
Of auld lang syne, &c.

Then drink! A hundred years have fled—
Yet, meet we to enshrine,
The immortal memory of Burns,
And auld lang syne!
And auld lang syne, my friends,
And auld lang syne,
To pledge the memory of Burns,
And auld lang syne!

Volunteer sentiment by James Clephane:

Walter Scott—Long unknown, like the mountains and glens of his native land, as a brilliant meteor, their beauties flashed out upon the world by his illuminated pen.

Volunteer sentiment by John F. Ennis:

Burns and Jefferson—The Scottish Bard and American Statesman. The one proclaimed in verse, the other in prose, "the equality of man." Republican America will ever honor the memory of both.

Volunteer sentiment by A. F. CUNNINGHAM:

Scotland's brightest gem—Robert Burns: The Poet, the Patriot, the Man. Time, which generally dulls, if it does not cover with oblivion all others, only renders more effulgent his genius.

Mr. B. F. Wilkins offered, as a volunteer sentiment:

Major Ben: Perley Poore. For his prompt performance of the conditions of his wager, "lang syne," and for his faithful discharge of his duties as Corresponding Secretary of this celebration, "may he live a thousand years and one, and may his shadow be never the less."

Mr. POORE responded—

Thanks, for this personal compliment. Yankees, like Scotchmen, are an industrious, thrifty race, and when they enter into an engagement, (no matter how foolishly,) they always carry it fairly out, even at a sacrifice of comfort, or at a risk of becoming notorious. I would also express my thanks to my Scottish friends, for the privilege of being present at this festive board, and of joining them in honoring the centennial anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns. Although a Yankee (and no wise ashamed or afraid because I am one,) I can say with my legal friend, that Scotch blood flows in the veins of my children. It was my privilege to pass the early years of my life surrounded by Scotch farm laborers, who taught me to read—aye, and to understand—the poems of him who walked "in glory and in joy" behind his plough. In later years, I enjoyed a pilgrimage through North Britian, that glorious nursery of brave men and of "bonnie lassies," where each valley and each crag, each lock and each glen, has some recollection of the past or some pleasure for the present. And in every quarter of the globe, I have found true friends and jovial companions, among the countrymen of Scotia's Bard, who was so justly styled "a missionary sent into the world to teach it a Higher Doctrine, a purer truth."

But, my friends, I do not fancy the idea that this centennial ovation, which is now encircling the earth, is a mere tribute to the poetical genius of Burns. For one, most heartily do I protest against this degradation of Nature's Nobleman, by making him mount Pegasus, and be trotted around festive boards by showmen who blow their own trumpets meanwhile. But is not honored merely as a poet, except by that small fraction of humanity, versed in rymes and in nothing else, of whom the motto "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," may be translated: "Such poets are not fit to be born."

Indeed, the memory of a man who was simply a poet would never be thus honored. The ledgers of publishers, those literary thermometers, show that the works of many poets, ancient and modern, dramatic and epic, meet with a larger sale than do those of Burns. Homer, Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, Schiller, Racine, Byron, and a score of others, are his poetical superiors, yet how many even know when the birth-day of one of these comes around. Who honor these great poets, as Burns is honored to-night the world over, by assemblages in almost every hamlet where are men who can speak the mother tongue of North Britian? None— but with Burns the case is different. Poetry was not with him a shining raiment, but a thin, transparent veil, carelessly worn, through which we saw the HONEST MAN, who "took the human heart within his hands, and set its beatings all to music." Poor ploughman and indebted guager as he was, he despised formal style and pedantic learning, as he did the purse-proud aristocracy of his own land; and if his original thoughts did sometimes carelessly chrystallise into poetical shape—symmetrical yet irregular—unique and beautiful—they never lacked the common sense of sturdy prose. Not as a mere poet let him be honored, but as a man, who was truly the Champion of the People.

I am not sure that Burns, could his life have been spared, would have approved of the manner in which this his birth-night is celebrated. A hater of shams, he would have turned with disgust from those who seek to so exhibit his greatness, that their own insignificant egotism may be seen illuminated by the radiance of his glory. We know that when he lived, he avoided all such creatures, and that he was equally averse to meeting "distinguished individuals," yet great was his delight to join good fellows around a festive board, where the night could go on "in sangs an' clatter." Hoping then to excite some table merriment, as becoming a feast in honor of him who disliked decorum, I will—instead of a sentiment—give you a story—[and the story was told.]

PROFESSOR DIMITRY offered as a volunteer sentiment. *Burns and Beranger.* The Bards whose voice will ever tone to the popular sympathies, and whose poetry echo in the popular heart: In their hands, the plough-handle and the composing stick were converted into harps of immortal song.

The chair called for other volunteer sentiments, and a large number were handed in, among them the following:

By Mr. WARREN, of Massachusetts? *The Poetry* of Burns. It inculcates the love of liberty, and the liberty of love.

By Wm. P. Mohun. *Robert Burns*, the favorite Scottish Bard; Robert Bruce and William Wallace, the defenders of Scottish liberty.

By Dr. J. B. Blake, Commissioner of Public Buildings. *Rob Roy Macgregor.* Though a cattle-dealer and an outlaw, he was an honest and brave man. The pride of his countrymen! Who boasted "that he would not turn his back on an enemy or a friend."

By John H. Cunningham. *The name of "Mary."* Embalmed in the love of her sweetest of bards, and linked with the wrongs of her fairest of queens—it will ever impart a peculiar thrill to the chivalry and tenderness of Scotland's sons: The muse of poetry, exultant, hallows it with a smile—the muse of history, repentant, vindicates it with a tear.

By W. Gaddis. *Wm. R. Smith, Esq.*, one of the original founders of the Burns Club of Washington City. A true admirer of beauty, whether in the blooming gardens of nature, or in the flowery realms of song.

By Daniel Dewar, Secretary of the Club. *The Cottage fire-sides of Scotland.* Immortalized by Burns, who has invested their humble smoke with a glory greater than the flames upon the proudest altars.

The Memory of Sir Walter Scott, that "Wizard of the North" whose magic pen disclosed the hidden treasures of history.

"Blending romance with Scotia's ancient lore,
Bidding her classic streams and mountains wild,
Shine forth in beauty, an enchanted land."

By Gilbert Cameron, Esq., President of the Washington St. Andrews Society. *The Burns Club of Baltimore*, that parent association of all which celebrate this night in the United States, having been organized in the year 1829 for the purpose of commemorating, in a becoming way, the day that gave birth to Burns, the child of Scotland, whose fame fills the world.

Sent By a Lady. *Donald MacLeod, Esq.*, who has made so many delighted listeners familiar with Scottish Poetry, and now places a laurel wreath upon the tomb of Scotlands first poet.

"Let sceptred Poesy from her throne descend,
By Muses guarded, and by Graces led;
To swell the glory, and her presence lend,
To the grand pageant of the honored dead."

By T. E. Young. *Our absent friends*, may they live to a good old age, and be with us on many of our festive meetings.

By G. W. Flood. *The Memory of Washington*, the "Mystic" Brother of Scotland's bard.

By C. Haskins. The President of the Burns Club of Washington City, P. Hannay, Esq.

Mr. Hannay made a brief response, and proposed: The memory of John Wilson, the *Songster* of Scotland. [Mr. W. B. Todd endorsed this sentiment by singing a ballad in excellent style.]

By W. H. Ward. *Robert Burns*, who led poetry through the humble walks of life, and made every Peasant's cot a Palace.

The Homely Scenes of the National Bard. They inspire the sentiment to the Scotch heart of the third generation—

"Dear Scotland's hills, thy faintest flower to me,
Exceeds in bloom the rose of Araby;
The smallest pebble on thy hardy shore
Rebukes the pride of all Golconda's store."

By W. R. Smith. *Our Hosts.* A sumptuous feast and hearty good cheer makes grateful hearts—may they always be as happy as they have made us to-night.

By Ben: Perley Poore. *The Birth-day of Burns.* Although none of us will ever again assist at a centennial celebration of it, may we never fail to honor it.

While tender "Auld Lang Syne," shall teach
A brither's heart to feel,
And weary eyes wi' tender gaze
Turn to the land that's leal,
Sae lang as man that's made to mourn,
For love and kindness yearns,
Sae lang shall live in light and song,
Auld Scotia's Robert Burns.

By Mr. WOODLEY. The health of Hon. J. L. Orr, Speaker of the House of Representatives. [This toast was honored with a round of applause.]

Other sentiments were offered, but they were not handed in for publication, and the evening was enlivened by songs and ballads, sang by Messrs. Gilbert Cameron, Wm. B. Todd, James Sword, Thomas Spence, J. T. Coyle, Robert Pennman, and James F. Gibson. The vocal powers of these gentlemen added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

The festivities were prolonged until far into the morning, but amid that feast of reason and flow of soul, few had felt like taking note of time. The officers of the club added greatly to the enjoyment of all present, by their constant care and attention, neither could the bottoms of the frequently replenished punch-bowls be found. At last, however, it became necessary to separate, and after singing of "Auld Lang Syne," with hands clasped around the table, the Chairman declared the festival adjourned.

At a meeting of the officers of the Club, held at the office of its President, on the evening of the 27th of January, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the thanks of the Washington City Burns Club be presented to the Honorary Chairman and Vice Chairman, for the acceptable manner in which they presided over the centennial entertainment.

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary edit and publish a report of the proceedings, and that after defraying the expense of publication, the entire receipts be forwarded to the editor of the *Scottish American* for transmission to the surviving relatives of Burns.

In accordance with the above resolution, the corresponding secretary has prepared this pamphlet, the publication of which has been delayed by the tardiness with which revised reports of the speeches were furnished him.

He has also appended the Prize Poems of Great Britian and the United States, as valuable souvenirs of this celebration, worth preserving. The British poem was written by Miss Isa Craig, at present a resident at London, for the prize offered by the Burns Festival at the Crystal Palace. The American poem was written by Thomas Frazer, of Newark, New Jersey, for the prize offered by the Burns Club of Baltimore.

All of which is respectfully submitted. BEN: PERLEY POORE,

WASHINGTON, *March* 1, 1859. *Corresponding Secretary.*

THE BRITISH PRIZE POEM.

BY ISA CRAIG.

Read at the Centennary Celebration in London.

We hail this morn
A century's noblest birth:
A poet peasant born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings,
Than all her Kings!

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence—
And to the gazer brighter thence
Than the sphere-lights they flout—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star waneth yet;
So through the Past's far-reaching night,
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy,—
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy,—
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathise.
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain and harvest heat,
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield;
To what else was he born?

The God-made King
Of every living thing
(For his great heart in love could hold them all;)
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall,—
Gifted to understand!—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had bless'd and sheltered.

To Nature's feast,—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertain'd him best,—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
She drap'd with crimson and with gold,
And pour'd her pure joy-wines
For him the poet-soul'd.
For him her anthem roll'd,
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast, and lead the fight.
And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins—
Each human soul must close.
And Fame her trumpet blew
Before him; wrapp'd him in her purple state;
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate,
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield,
Hard-press'd and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soil'd:
His crown of half its jewels spoil'd;
He is a King for all.
Had he but stood aloof;
Had he array'd himself in armor proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good; so those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralise.

Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not ceased to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts.
To think,—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fool'd, enslav'd—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tuned,
Save by the Maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch his heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By grateful honors lavish'd on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That he so little at her hands can claim,
Who unrewarded gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.
The hoary hawthorn, wreath'd
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breathed;
The streams he wander'd near;
The maidens whom he loved; the songs he sung;—
All, all are dear!

The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain;
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lighten with it their toils;
And sister lands have learn'd to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not Song
To the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

THE AMERICAN PRIZE POEM.

BY THOMAS FRAZER.

Read at the Centennary Celebration in Baltimore.

"The Peasant Bard of Scotland:—his name will live while the human heart has a single chord to respond to the touch of genius!" DANIEL WEBSTER.

Kyle claims his birth:—wide earth, his name,
Where, climes scarce kenn'd yet, peal his fame,
An' gann time, gaily chimes the same
Where e'er he turns,
Now, every true warm heart's the hame
O' Minstrel BURNS!

Where Boreas, brawls o'er blind'in' snaw;
Where Simmer, jinks through scented shaw;
Where Wastlan' Zephyrs, saftly blaw,
There, Robin reigns;
An' even the thowless Esquimaux,
Hae heard his strains!

Dear bonny Doon, clear gurglin' Ayr,
Pure Afton an' the Lugar fair,
Can claim his sangs their ain nae mair,
Sin' lang years syne,
Braw Hudson an' thrang Delaware,
Kenn'd every line!

Zone round to zone!—where e'er we trace
The clearing o' the pale-faced race;—
Where still the redman trains the chase
Through prairie brake,
Ev'n there, his sang, wi' sweet wild grace
Rings round the lake!

The lone backwoodsman, as he seems
To ponder, o'er his forest schemes,
Hums auld-lang-syne, among his dreams
O' far aff hame,
An' thinks, God bless him! that the streams
Croon Robin's name!

Mothers wha skirled his sangs, when bairns
In Carrick, Lothian, Merse or Mearns,
Are listenin' now, by Indian cairns,
Wi' hearts half sobbin,
While some wee dawty, blythely learns
A verse frae Robin!

Sound though he sleeps in death's cauld bower,—
O! what a' hearts, this chosen hour,
Far as fleet fancy's wing can scower,
In raptured thrangs,
Are thirlin' wi' the warlock power
O' Robin's sangs.

Frae Alloway's auld haunted aisle,
To far Australia's gowd strewn soil;
An' ev'n where India's ruthless guile,
Mak's mercy quake,
Soul-minglin'. there, worth, wealth an' toil,
Meet for his sake.

True hearts at hame,—true to the core,
To auld Scots bards an' auld warld lore,
Are blendin',—as in scenes o' yore,
Wi' BURNS the van.—
Love for braw Clydesdale's wild woods hoar,
An' love for man.

Staid Arthurseat's grim gray man'd head,
Bows to auld Reekie's requiem reed;
While Soutra, lifts the wailin' screed,
An' Tweed, returns
His plaintive praises o'er the dead
The darlin' BURNS.

Poor dowie Maucchline dights her e'e;
Nith maunders to the Sabbin' sea;
An' high on Bannock's far-famed lea,
The stalwart Thistle,
Droops as the winds in mournfu' key.
Around him rustle.

Dark, glooms Dumfries, as slowly past
Saunt Michael's growls, the gruesome blast,
Where *Scotia's* pale an' sair down cast,
Clasps the sad grun'
That haps her loved. an' to the last,
Immortal Son!

While backward frae the grave yard drear,
Thought tremblin' through a hundred year,
Sees Doon's clay Cot, where weel hained cheer,
Shows poortooth's joy,
When nature's sel' brought hame her dear,
Choice, noble boy.

But soon blythe hope, fu' kindly keeps
Within her wea-sunk heart, an' seeks
To tint her tricklin' snaw-white cheeks
Wi' words that burn,—
Why! when a world her Bard's fame speaks!
Why should she mourn?

Wide, through the great Atlantic, rows
His huge waves. wi' their wild white pows,
To part our auld an' new warld knowes,
Weel pleased, she turns
A westward look, where lustrous grows
The name o' Burns!

Pride, too, though tear dimm'd for a wee,
May lively light her heart wi glee,
For where, sin' winged earth first flew free,
E'er lived the lan'
That bore so true a bard as he—
So true a man?

In him, poor human nature's heart,
Had ae firm friend to take its part,
So weel kenn'd he, wi' what fell art,
Our passions. goad
Frail man to slight fair virtue's chart,
An' lose his road.

An' we, whose lot's to toil, an thole
Though cross an' care harrass the soul,
Can cheer the weary warld day's dole,
Wi' strains heart rung,
Brave strains! our Burns, worn, but heart-whole
Alone has sung.

His words hae gi'en truth wings, to bear
Round earth the poor man's fate, that here
Vain pride, can ne'er wi' plain worth peer,
Nor lilt aught livin'
Ae foot, though tip-tae raxed on gear,
The nearer heaven.

Fearless for right, wi' nerve to dare,
Seer-like, he laid his sage soul bare.
To show what life had graven there,
That earth might learn;
Yet, though a' earth in Burns may share,
He's *Scotia's* bairn!

An' O' how dearly has he row'd
Her round wi' glory, like the gowd,
Her ain braw sunset pours on cloud,
Crag, strath an' river,
'Till queen o' sang, she stands, uncowd,
An' crowned for ever!

Whilst we, within our heart's heart, shrine
The man,—"The Brither man!"—an' twine
Wi' a' the loves o' auld-lang syne!
An' young to-dy,
Scotland an' Burns!—twa names to shine.
While time grows gray!

Scotland hersel' wi' a' her glories,
Her daurin' deeds an' dear auld stories;
The great an' guid wha've gane before us;
Her martyr host,
Ev'n wi' the graves o' them that bore us,
The loved an' lost.

Her sword, that ay flashed first for right;
Her word, that never craved to might;
Her sang, brough down like gleams o' light
On music's wings,
To nerve her in the lang fierce fight
Wi' hostile kings!

Her Laverock, in the dawnin' clouds,
Her Merle, amang the evenin' woods;
Her Mavis, 'mang the birk's young buds;
The blythe wee wren,
An' Robin's namesake, as he scuds
Through drift-white glen.

Her snaw-drap, warslin' wi' the sleet;
Her primrose, pearled wi' dewy weet;
Her bluebell, frae its mountain seat
Beckin' an' bow'in',
Her wee gem, sweetest o' the sweet,
The peerless gowan.

Her waters, in their sangsome glee,
Gurlin' through clench an' clover-lea,
Soughin' aneath the Saughen tree
Where fishers hide,
An' driften' outward to the sea
Wi' buirdly pride.

The catkins, that her hazels hing
In clusters round the nooks o' spring;
Her rowans an' her haws, that swing
O'er wadeless streams,
An' bless the school-boy hearts, that bring
Them hame in dreams.

Her muirlan's, in their heather bloom;
Her deep glens, in their silent gloom;
Her gray crag, where their torrents fume
Wi' downward shriver;
Her braesides, wi' their thistle plume,
Free, an' far ever!

Scotland hersel'—Heaven bless her name,
Wi' a' her kith an' kin the same,—
Yea! Scotland's sel', wi' a' her fame,
Weel's we revere her,
Than him, her Bard o' heart an' hame,
Is scarcely dearer!

So rare the sway, his heart strains wield,
In lordly ha' an' low thack bield,
Wi' manhood, youth an hoar crowned-elid,
O'er Scotland wide,
Burns an' The Word, frae heaven revealed,
Lie side by side.

Earth owned! his genius, in its prime,
Now towers in mind's fair green hilled clime,
Where, mist-robed Ossian, outsings time,
An' Shakspear, smiles
As Milton, murmurin' dreams sublime,
Looks earthward whiles!

O! hear then, Scot!—though yet you toil,
To fill some lordin's loof wi' spoil,
Or thrivin' on Columbian soil,
Yoursel' your lord,
Ne'er dim his now bright fame, wi' guile
In thought or word!

Spurn a' that's wrang, an' mak' the right
Your handfast, sure, strive strong and tight,
Cling there, an' ne'er let out o' sight
The wants o' man,
But, Burns-like, strive his lot to light,
As weel's you can.

Ne'er let vile self, get grip, to twist
What heart or conscience dictates just;
Straight forward, ay, act, though fate's gust
May take your breath;—
The man wha' fears nae face of dust,
Needs scarce fear death.

Proud, stern, though gentle as the tone
Breathed through a mother's prayerfu' moan,
Burns, scorned to snool round rank or throne,
Fause tongued an' tame;—
Till death, his heart was freedom's own,
Be ours the same!

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